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VOL. 4. NO. 99

VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

NOVEMBER 16,

1861.

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[*Pleasantly, but with some degree of firmness.*]

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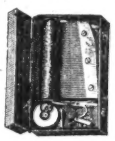

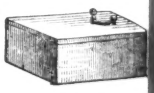

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HUMORS OF THE WAR.

PROPOSED EQUIPMENT FOR OUR ARMY-SURGEONS. SUGGESTED BY THE CHIVALRY AT BULL'S RUN.

Vege-tables vs. Tables of Arithmetic.

The *Tribune* has broken out in a new spot. Arithmetic. Speaking of a certain naval engagement, the other day, our festive old contemporary remarked:

"Out of twelve ships, one was burned, ten were injured, some being nearly destroyed, and but two escaped unhurt."

One "burned" ship, ten "injured" ships and two "unhurt" ships are, to our way of reckoning, a good many ships to get into a fleet of twelve. If the *Tribune* had been talking about rolls or seed-cakes, instead of ships, we could have solved the problem by the theory of the Baker's Dozen. But it hadn't, and we can't.

How applicable to HORACE, then, the line by which the late Mr. POPE described himself!—

"I slipped in Numbers when the Numbers came."

Don't mention it.

The heavy dailies have given up a good deal of their space, of late, to descriptions of the *Turtle*, commanded by that distinguished liar GREYTOWN HOLLINS, and destined to destroy our entire fleet at the Belize. V. F. considers the heavy dailies are making much of a small matter since Commander HOLLINS is sure to Get his Gruel very soon, and then the Turtle—like the testudinal deposit that we see at restaurant doors—will be Served up for Soup, and his voice heard no more in the land.

To Horse!

Without plenty of cavalry, we need never expect to have a Stable government.

THE MEDICAL BUREAU.

The Philadelphia *Inquirer* of the 1st inst., indulges in a grand puff of the "able and energetic chief of the Medical Department," and has, in connection, a pleasing vista of Hospitals to be erected in Philadelphia, together with a glance at the superior merits of the votaries of sawbones there, over every other city, which, to say the least, is at once both modest and entertaining.

We have often heard of the extraordinary enterprise of that journal, and of its great facilities for obtaining the earliest information. The manner in which it has thus taken a peep into futurity, and the wonderful discovery, due to its extraordinary enterprise, of the ability and energy of the Chief of the Medical Department of the Army, bangs Banagher and the New York *Herald* combined. It is about time, when the levers of the Sanitary Commission having been applied to that antiquated edifice with unsparing energy and zeal for some months that the ancient tenant should wake up to the fact, that it is incumbent upon him to think about setting his house in order, either to obviate the necessity of being superseded for neglect and inefficiency, or else to accommodate his building to the increased wants of the department, and at the same time prevent it from tumbling about his ears. A pretty proof of "solicitude for the well being of the troops in the field," is the "able and energetic" old gentleman providing, at the eleventh hour, in the shape of storehouses on Water street, and factories on South street, &c., &c., in Philadelphia, to pack the sick and wounded in, at the very end of the season and just when "the active operations" are likely to cease and the real trouble to begin. We should be delighted to see something tangible of the "additional hospitals" which are "being rapidly built in Washington."

It is not more than two or three weeks since the Sanitary Commission was announced to have just completed the selection of sites for New hospitals to be recommended to the Government for adoption, and although the commission has submitted building plans of hospitals, and other such plans have been presented from different sources, we cannot learn that a single new building has been contracted for, either in Washington or around it, or in Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston or in any City of the West. Is not at least one good, genuine hospital building needed in each one of the districts named? ought there not to be several in some of them? But this would be asking too much from the "able and energetic Head of the Medical Bureau," and the only way to have the wants of the Army thoroughly attended to, is, for the administration to put in that place, a man who knows what is wanted, and whose fitness as to age, energy and experience combined, will make him the right man in the right place, which is notoriously not the case now.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

QUID is not in a good humor. He sends VANITY FAIR some puzzling questions, which we should be happy to have answered (postage paid) by any one, except the telegraphic correspondents of the daily press, or a "reliable gentleman."

For example, he asks, what is the function and utility of the Medical Bureau at Washington? And, what is the purpose and vocation of the Sanitary Commission? Are they not precisely and perpendicularly one and the same? If the Medical Bureau is competent to take care of the health of the army, what is the need of the Sanitary Commission?

And if the Medical Bureau is *not* competent, WHAT THEN?

Everybody admits that the Sanitary Commission has done a great deal of good. Somebody has much doubt, therefore, whether the present Medical Bureau has done any good at all.

QUID has a doubt, also, whether two or three hundred beds, in extempore wards, at Washington, can afford hospital room for ten thousand soldiers. When MCCLELLAN'S battle comes off, where will he send his and BEAUREGARD'S wounded? Gentle Shepherd, tell us where?

Cholera-ic.

"A perfectly cool man never disagrees with anybody," said the Beau.

"I don't know why," remarked X. "'Cool as a cucumber' is a proverbial metaphor, yet, somehow, cucumbers always Disagree with me!"

PRIVATE GLIMPSES EOR THE PUBLIC EYE.

The *Herald*, the other day, in speaking of some difficulty with the *Tribune* and *Times*, said, if the editors of those papers "had, in imitation of THURLOW WEED, called upon us at Washington Heights for a confidential chat over a glass of good wine and a cigar, we could have told them a thing or two, etc."

This, in an editorial article, is charming. It reminds us of the Hoboken *Circuit Judge*. The publication of these little home-details in a great and influential paper is truly one of the most delightful privileges of journalism. What a pleasant picture is at once suggested by the above . . . a picture of the well-lit, well-warmed snuggery at Washington Heights, with its broad centre-table of glistening mahogany supporting the dusty and cobwebbed bottles, and slender-stemmed glasses, above which shine the three great faces of the day! RAYMOND, smug and military, Papa GREELEY, with his unkempt frowse of hay-colored beard and hair, and the terrific JAMES GORDON, gray and gloomy, with one eye fixed upon one guest, the other on the other!

Seriously, we hope that this style of editorial writing may become more popular. We hope that the chief-editor of the London *Times* may adopt it sufficiently to let the world know how many pieces he washes hebdomadally; and the magistrate of the Paris *Moniteur* may unbosom himself in a leader, concerning the wages of his valet. Nothing can be more piquant and agreeable than personal gossips about great men, and the knowledge that THURLOW WEED sipped sherry and smoked cabanas with JAMES, at Washington Heights, cannot fail to thrill every earnest and healthy spirit, in a crisis like that of the present era.

As a model of the perfection of this kind of journalism, we beg leave to present the following fragmentary effort of our own poor pen. It may be considered as a heavy leader upon the Cause of the Rebellion.

"The other day, while purchasing some figs in Broadway, to take home to our little boy of three years and two months old, who has lately recovered from the measles, we were accosted by a gentleman in the leather and findings business, an old friend of our wife's brother, and falling into conversation, the causes of the Rebellion came under discussion.

"Our friend believed Negro Slavery to be a curse to the bottom of it, and advocated immediate emancipation as the best method of settling the difficulty. We differed, and offered to convince him if he would come to our palatial residence in Cherry street (right hand going down), and partake of the sumptuous dinner that we are in the habit of enjoying daily. He consented; and after begging him to wait while we got a bottle of hair-dye for our wife, who is getting quite gray, though not so much from age as from a severe attack of scald-head some two years since, we joined him, and both took an omnibus of the Peck Slip Ferry line.

"When dinner was over, and the servant was filling the finger-glasses with lavender-water, our guest resumed the conversation, stating that the tariff had always been calculated to protect and foster the slave-holding interest.

"We hastened to assure him that the contrary was the case, only pausing in our remarks to gently chide our little girl, the youngest, for playing with lucifer-matches. 'The cause of the Rebellion,' said we, 'is as easily seen as the coat-of-arms engraved on that heavy silver cream-pitcher. It is a struggle for the balance—or rather the preponderance—of political power, and Abolition no more belongs to it than that beautiful emerald and opal ring on our eldest daughter's finger belongs to our respectable man-servant. Thus, we see . . . . . '"

But enough has been given to show how exquisite the editorial recreations become, when the lighter details of domestic life are playfully mingled with the sterner business of politics. We sincerely hope that the *Herald* may go on with this sort of thing, and that JAMES, in the course of time, may tell us all his private affairs without reserve. As a beginning, let him inform us whether or no he has sold the yacht *Rebecca*, and what he expects to make by setting Old ABE upon the pedestal whence he has just overthrown Old BUCK.

Something John Cannot Understand.

The English papers are making a great to-do and guessing very hard at the "significance" of the fact that the young Princes D'ORLEANS are commissioned as staff-officers in the Federal Army.

This fact *has* a significance, but not a political one, we will inform JOHN BULL. It signifies that there are two Frenchmen in the world, who have a great deal of interest in the Right, and none at all in the Cotton trade.

A maxim picked out of "Pi."

"The sword is Smitier than the pen."

THE FRENCH PRINCES.

BY AN AMERICAN DEMOCRAT.

I.

We're disposed to make a row,
As it seems to me, just now,
About the Count DE PARIS and his brother, Duke DE CHART-RES;
But I cannot understand
Their importance in the land,
As they're neither Prestidigitators, heroes, saints, nor martyrs.

II.

So far as fighting goes,
I certainly suppose
That though they're brave and cool enough we still could do without them,
And that Yankee boys as well
Can stand up to shot and shell,
So why, pray let me ask, make such a mighty fuss about them?

III.

They're two young men, you see,
Very much like you or me,
In the eye of GOD, no better and no worse, (I beg their pardon!)
And like us, descended are
From the ancient primal pair
Who followed agriculture in the ancient primal Garden.

IV.

They're sensible and sound,
So they took the Union ground,
Like every decent foreigner by Cotton unaffected;
And that boys of sense and pride
Should join the Rebel side,
Would certainly be vastly more than could have been expected.

V.

But the big-wigs 'tother side
Keep their two eyes open wide,
And nod, and wink, and hint that some significance is hidden,
In the fact that Royalty
Likes a military spree;
And it puzzles them as once the Boston mummy puzzled GLIDDON.

VI.

"*The Orleans House*," say they,
"*Hopes to rise again, one day,*
And wants the friendship of The States, to make its future palmy!"
So the big-wigs make a fuss,
While the truth is simply thus:
That these young men are clever and will ornament our Army.

THE O'BRIEN.

The O'BRIEN is aroused; Slievegammon and the field of cabbages to the contrary, the brave O'B. yet thirsts for the opportunity to make a respectable jackass of himself, and he has done it most effectually.

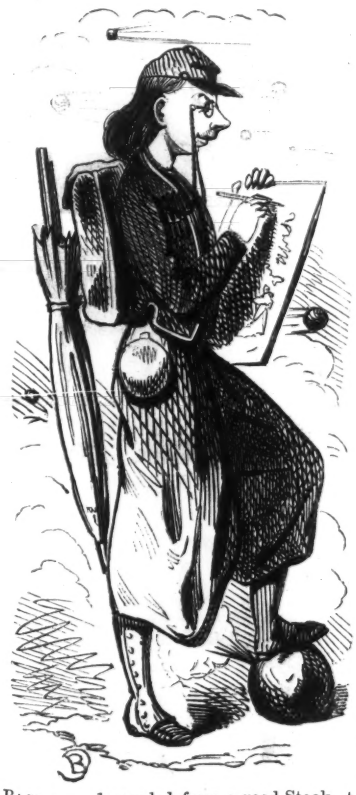
The stupendous assurance of this paper warrior and pacificator of mankind is without a parallel. He, the O'B., voluntarily offers himself as an "internuncio between the contending parties in America," and "at his own expense," which to say the least is very kind as well as prudent on the part of the O'B., considering that nobody else would be willing to "do that same."

V. F. begs leave to say to the O'B., the *London Times, Advertiser, Post, Herald*, etc., etc., that we can dispense very well with their interference; that this is a little matter which we intend to settle in our own way, and will do so most effectually, and that any maudlin sympathy, or offers of pacific intervention, whether emanating from crowned heads or private asinine individuals is not to our taste, and is herewith most respectfully declined.

Into the dim future we dare look with a steady and defiant gaze: confident in the justice of our cause we fearlessly await the issue: against our enemies within and without, we shall be found ever ready and fully prepared, and with that most estimable blower, FALCONBRIDGE, in King JOHN, we say,

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them."

HARDEE MADE EASY.



MANY improvements in fire-arms followed quickly upon the invention of the ramrod. Leaden bullets were substituted for boiled peas; which latter the excusable timidity of people in those days with regard to loaded guns led them to use in the first instance. It is to OLD KING COLE that historians attribute the discontinuance of boiled peas as a destructive missile. "Who but a popinjay would think of Peas in time of War?" asked that sarcastic monarch in a tone of withering contempt, addressing himself to his fiddlers three. The reply of the musicians was so unanimous in favor of the royal sentiment, that the King ordered it to be set to music; and from this circumstance arose the building of the famous shot-tower upon the East River, at the foot of Weforgetwhat Street.

But it was not until the advent of BAGS that guns came to be looked upon as guns. This benefactor of mankind, who for ages has been memorially honored as GUNNY BAGS, was descended from a good Stock, to which fact, no doubt, we owe his wonderful improvements of one portion of the gun so termed. The infamous JAMES BAGGS, who calls himself the "Wandering Minstrel," presumes to claim descent from this eminent man: but, to refute this pretension, it is only necessary to point to the two g's with which the infamous JAMES BAGGS aggravates the name—a refutation which disposes also of another claimant, who spells it with three.

Stocks were straight until BAGS introduced the principle of the curve. "You cannot expect," said he, pithily, "to keep Stocks straight in time of war. Ask Wall street." He also invented the hair-trigger; an idea which is said to have occurred to him from seeing a bald-headed man returning from the chase with a hare suspended from the trigger-guard of his gun.

The name of GUNNY BAGS is not only enshrined in history, but is also to be found in most prices current.

Fire-arms were slow in arriving at perfection, however; nor, strange to say, was it until after the match went out that much light was thrown upon the lock. Subsequently, the flint lock flourished for many generations; although it is now principally remembered as having enriched the vernacular with the two vigorous metaphors, "a flash in the pan," and "I'll fix his flint for him."

It is remarkable that, just about the time hair powder was discarded, percussion powder should have been invented. Such, however is the fact. An experimental old beau of the day had devoted himself, much, to the production of a perfect hair powder, to obtain which he at last combined all ingredients, whatever, at that time known to men of science. On visiting his club one day, a friend humorously greeted him by batting his hat down over his eyes, upon which a tremendous explosion took place, and the old gentleman went off like a shot. Of course, as all known ingredients were in the compound upon his head, those of the fulminating powder were not absent—although he was, from his club, for many weeks, until his eyebrows had grown again and the joke blown over.

The Principal "Game" found in the Fastnesses of Washington.

The Tiger.

THE CAMDEN AND AMBOY RAILROAD.

THE MONO POLY.

It is safe to say that the Camden and Amboy Railroad is one of the Institutions of the age. It is an Institution whose age is about thirty years. It was instituted for the purpose of carrying people from New York to Philadelphia, and back again the same day.

It is a very peculiar Railroad. Its geography is peculiar, its habits are peculiar, its appurtenances are peculiar. It is a great straddling thing, something like a pair of scissors, something like a stroke of lightning, (only it don't go so fast,) and something like the Mountains of the Moon. But not exactly like any of these. It isn't all railroad. Some of it is made out of steamboats. They patch a bit of steamboat on part of one end, and another bit of steamboat on part of the other end; and there is an old canal alongside of part of it. The railroad and steamboats and canal are all mixed up together and twisted round like you twist a horse's tail, and tie it up to keep it out of the mud. At various points along the route, structures of second-hand lumber are erected for the purposes of letting in the rain, and putting people to discomfort. The whole concern is called a Mono Poly.

They do not paint that name on their cars, neither do they print it on their tickets, but the public have adopted the name for it, and so it is all the same. The Mono Poly is awful poor. They have been carrying the public across New Jersey for so many years, and for such a low price that it is a wonder that there is anything left of them. They will probably bring up in the Almshouse before they die. Poor fellows! They are so poor! They have only one track to their road, and they send people backward and forward over that track all day long. It is a wonder that somebody does not bump against somebody else, and get all their teeth knocked out. True, the thing did happen once; but it was nobody's fault, and there were only some fifty people smashed up, while all the rest got off with whole bones The fifty should have remained at home that day. If it were not for the fact that the Mono Poly is so poor, it would lay another track. We must not oppress the poor, however, and we would not be hard upon the poor Mono Poly. When they get rich, they will give us another track perhaps, and even some new wood sheds in place of the old lumber now knocked together at the stopping places.

Moreover; the Mono Poly has some of the funniest ways of running its trains, and putting folks to inconvenience. They say it is to accommodate the public. But it is because they are so poor.

We would not grumble at this mighty Institution. It has never run over us, nor ever taken away our life or limbs—(though we have been fearfully scared by it.) It is a right clever Institution, but it has queer ways, and is so odd and clumsy in its doings that we must speak out about it, even if we speak out loud in meeting.

Listen! O traveller upon the dangerous parallel irons! And, as thou dost squeeze, or art squeezed through the narrow entrance into the car of Mono Poly to take thine accustomed ride, ponder the words of wayside instruction which we give thee, and for further particulars, see next week's VANITY FAIR.

OUR BOOK REVIEW.

THE REBELLION RECORD. Part 8. With Portraits of Maj. Gen. WOOL, Commodore STRINGHAM, Maj. Gen. BANKS and P. G. T. BEAUREGARD. G. P. PUTNAM: New York.

CECIL DREEME, by THEODORE WINTHROP, late Major in the U. S. Army, and author of "the March of the N. Y. 7th Regiment," and "Washington as a Camp," in the *Atlantic Monthly*, with a Biographical Sketch of the author, by GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. One vol., 12mo. Price $1.00. TICKNOR & FIELDS, Publishers, Boston. SHELDON & Co.: New York.

"Cecil Dreeme is a sparkling novel of American Society, the scene of which is laid in well-known localities in New York."

Thus much from the Publishers' announcement. We have no doubt of the merit of this novel, from the fact that some good book-keeper spirited it away shortly after its arrival, and we have waited for it longingly, but in vain. It will doubtless turn up about the time V. F. is getting gray, but, we have the satisfaction of knowing, that, in the meantime, those who loved the man, and appreciate the author, have done as our unknown friend has done, walked off with the whole edition, though unlike him they have doubtless left the consideration behind. Will the benign youth who bore away our treasure be kind enough to return it to the office? When this is done V. F. will endeavor to give it a notice, such as it may deserve.

XUM

CAMP SKETCHES,

From Our Special Artist.

THE REVEILLÉ.

THE LT. INFANTRY BUGLER.

DRAWING A BEAD.

FROM LAGER TO "LA GUERRE."

GENERAL OBSERVATION.

ONE OF HIS REGULAR HABITS.

THE FRENCH ROLL.

MATILDA ... OF "OURS."

THE PATENT CHRONOMETER TELESCOPE RIFLE.

VANITY FAIR.

"You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right, must my possession be;
Which I with more than with a common pain
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain."

AT IT AGAIN!

Of all cantankerous, dissatisfied, fault-finding, absurd, hypercritical old women on the War question, the *Tribune* is decidedly the worst. It never learns wisdom by experience, and never believes in anything except the infinite foreknowledge and power of its own editors and correspondents.

Not content with the half-tragic, half-ridiculous episode of the "On to Richmond" business . . . for which Mr. GREELEY had to apologize personally, at the cost of everything like journalistic *esprit* and editorial dignity . . . it must needs recommence its old hurry for results, and twitch and jerk nervously, in little editorial ¶ ¶ here and there, for a "movement" of some kind or another.

Not content with the superlative shame with which it was covered by the twaddling letters of Mr. FITZ-HENRY WARREN, before the affair of Bull Run, it must needs make another attempt in the self-same direction, and publish a series of equally sublime absurdities from a person who, with unusual justice and modesty, signs himself "MUFF."

It is anent these letters that our present remarks must be made.

To say that MUFF tells deliberate and intentional falsehoods; to say that MUFF is grossly ignorant of all the duties of a correspondent; to say that MUFF is a boiled-down handful of conceit; to say, in short, that MUFF writes like an artful compound of knave and fool, so thoroughly mingled that each seems in turn to predominate . . . to say all this, is saying far too little.

De facto, MUFF is not only all that we have said, but he is a traitor to the Union cause, and as richly deserving of a casemate in the Hôtel de Lafayette as any man we know of, out of the Rebel army.

The cause of the dear old flag . . . the imperishable Gridiron upon which the Rebel goose will sooner or later be cooked . . . has had up-hill work, now and then, to hold its own. We commenced with traitors in every department of the Government; with no army; with no navy; with no arms or equipments; with nothing in a word, that we could depend upon to crush out a terrible Rebellion. We have done excellently well. We have an army; we have a navy; we have weeded the traitors out of the Government departments (alas, that they cannot be weeded out of the daily paper corps as efficiently!) we are, in fact, prepared for a laborious Winter campaign and a splendid series of victories.

But it takes time to do all this. The *Tribune* does not understand that fact. After the Bull Run affair, it promised to keep quiet, and for a week or two, observed its promise. As the days went by, however, it began to wonder if that army wasn't constructed yet? If there mightn't be a little more activity in the navy? If FREMONT's proclamation wasn't sounder than the Constitution? If anybody knew anything, or could do anything, except the *Tribune?*

And now, it comes out under its old colors again, with MUFF for standard-bearer. Here are two of his statements, *pur et simple*, and we leave them almost without comment, as perfect examples of the length to which traitorous libel can be carried in the columns of the *Tribune:* The italics are his own:—

I. "*There is not one really well-disciplined regiment in the country.* Not one, regular or volunteer, and the whole army of the Potomac is yet much more a mere mob than it is an army of soldiers.

II. "*There are no disciplined troops at Washington, officers or men.*"

Now, let us ask, to whom is this "giving aid and comfort?" And what is the penalty for giving aid and comfort to the enemy? Faugh!

Valuable Information.

There comes a fiendish rumor from France that the Emperor NAPOLEON III. has penetrated the mysteries of alchemy and set up a manufactory of gold. Dilating upon the subject, the *Banker's Reporter* gives the following valuable suggestion as to the process by which the gold is produced:

"The principal articles used are not lead and arsenic."

We discern something so fresh and new in this negative mode of imparting instruction, that it is quite a pleasure to us to try our hand at it in the following short lesson to youthful barkeepers:

The gin cock-tail is not composed of Sarsaparilla and sea water; neither does old brown Windsor soap appear to advantage as a constituent element of hot rum punch.

Zoological Curiosities.

Looking over the advertisements of the day, we perceive that while an eminent dry-goods house announces an arrival of Blue Beaver, a conspicuous wine-merchant expatiates upon an importation of Green Seal.

MORE "FORWARD TO RICHMOND BOSH."

We have all heard of the advice given the perplexed playwright by a sagacious friend. "My dear boy," said the counsellor, "just cram the second act full of brilliant witticisms and your play will be a success!"

Three or four Senators at Washington—who ought to be in a better business—are just now tendering equally sapient advice to the Administration. These quidnuncs represent that

"The popular demand of their constituents is that Gen. MCCLELLAN or somebody else shall right off whip the Rebels on the south side of the Potomac in a pitched battle, and as near Bull Run as is possible, and from thence roll the tide of war steadily southward till it meets the waters of the Gulf."

What could be finer than that?

All that Gen. MCCLELLAN or "somebody else" has got to do is to take an early breakfast some morning, mount his gaily caparisoned steed, call his trusty men about him, and, after they have lighted their pipes, order them to advance at once against Manassas. Putting BEAUREGARD to flight and cutting his army into smithereens, the bold followers of MCCLELLAN, or "somebody else," will fill up their pipes again and resume their march towards Richmond. Arriving there they will reduce the city to ashes, hang JEFF DAVIS and all his cabinet and take tea. After a refreshing night's rest they will take another turn at the "tide of war" and "roll" it considerable. Say through North Carolina. Thus gaily prancing towards "the waters of the Gulf" they will subjugate the South, destroy her armies, conquer a peace and enjoy themselves generally. No pains will be spared to surround each one of our brave defenders with the comforts of a home. In the mild tropical evenings, the Federal camp will invariably be "lapped in soft Lydian airs;" the mellow moonbeams will punctually rest upon the white tents of our soldiers, and the soft breathings of the oaten flute and the mellifluous notes of the hand-organ will undoubtedly be heard.

We agree with you, Messrs. Senators. This is, indeed, a very pretty programme. We do not imagine, exactly, that Gen. MCCLELLAN will undertake to carry it through right away, but then, as you justly observe, "somebody else" may.

And now, that we think of it, let us suggest that these constituents of yours who "demand" this course, should throw up their positions in the Home Guard, shoulder real muskets and go to Washington to help "somebody else" along.

A GREAT BORE.

The Government experiences a great difficulty in procuring the right kind of arms arising from the difference of Bore, as we understand it, applied not to the individuals who wish to supply the Arms, but to the Arms themselves.

To our notion, after a brief experience in Washington, from what one could gather there, the real difficulty is not in the Arms offered, or the individuals offering, but really in the person of the lithe and active being who presides over the destinies of the Ordnance Department, supposed to be from the abbreviation of his name a lineal descendant of old RIP VAN WINKLE, and who is really as far as the impediment to the proper discharge of the duties of that department is concerned—the original great Bore, and from the statements of those who have had transactions with that department, not a very smooth Bore at that.

It is probable the Government does not wish to cultivate the amenities of civilization in that department, for fear its stern integrity may be overcome in a moment of weakness. If it does, however, it would be advisable to make a change there speedily, before the community is thoroughly disgusted.

Good Mr. President, can't you make him a Major-General, and send him to California, Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, or some place else. Suppose he does lose a few thousand men there, better to do that than by the daily incapacity, wilful obstinacy, stupid, blinding and defiant objections to every thing offered to the Government in the shape of improvements in fire arms, invented since the year 1808, he should perhaps be the cause of a sacrifice of Fifty Thousand men here at our doors. And while you are about it, call in at the office of the Medical Bureau and see if quinine can't be sent to St. Louis in less than thirty days after it has been applied for; also make some inquiries into the difference between the street price, and contract price of opium, and don't be alarmed if you should discover that, as JOHN RANDOLPH said, "the Greeks are at your doors," and that it is about time in both of these departments you should use your besom lustily and give no quarter to old Fogyism, Punctilio, Obstinacy, and Stupidity in General.

Always in the wash.

Laun dresses.

XUM

Butcher Youth.—The seseshers lick us?—no sir-ee! vy there ain't a one on 'em that's got the fissical constitushun of us nutherens.

A Joke with Scenic effect.

Two distinguished journalists sat over their beer.

"Fitz Blown," said Mac Woods, him of the heavy moustache, "in what regard are the Southerners the best off?"

"Beauregard," answered Fitz Blown without a moment's hesitation.

"Great Heavens! here is a man who guesses conundrums!" cried Mac Woods, and sank to rise no more.

Fitz Blown wept for a moment over the body of his friend and then firmly ordered some more beer.

Put upon his Oath.

In the Berlin journals we find an account of an injury sustained by the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who was accidentally shot in the leg by one of his suite, while enjoying the pleasures of the chase. It must have been awful to hear the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin about the business.

A Bad Look-Out.

Through the loop-holes of Fort Lafayette.

WOSHY-BOSHY,

—OR—

The Prestidigitating Squaw of the Snakeheads.

CHAPTER IV.

Winona was the daughter of Boozywoozy, and she was young, fair and frisky.

Her beauty was of the Andalusian or South Amboy type.

She was a coquette, and derived much pleasure in stringing the susceptible young braves of the tribe.

If a young Snakehead refused bear meat or declined joining in the exhilerating and genial pleasures of the chase, his parents knew too well that it was all owing to Winona.

She was marvelously fascinating, and could make the most obdurate aborigine love her distractedly by simply fastening her brilliant black eyes upon him. Hence she was called the Prestidigitating Squaw of the Snakeheads.

All parents told their sons to keep away from the Prestidigitateuress, and therefore they of course didn't.

Her tastes were sumptuous. She always wanted something new and nice. In this respect she was different from most young ladies. She was an incessant and most discouraging drain upon the money-pouch of her father—the sweet-voiced Boozywoozy.

Sometimes he would "put his foot down" and say she should not have another single dress.

"Do you think I am a United States Mint, girl?" he would say, angrily casting her from him. But he would go behind his chair and softly caress his horse-tail locks. Then placing her fair fresh face against his, she would say, "Don't be a cross Injin, papa, be a good Injin!" And the old man's face would soften and he would say, "Well, well, girl, go and buy what you want, but don't be extravagant."

There is some human nature in fathers, after all; and when a fair young girl presses her face to that of the author of her being, the effect is most always soothing. And it is a singular fact that when she acts in this way toward a young man, even though he be not related to her at all, the effect is more soothing. We cannot undertake to explain why this is so.

One afternoon as Boozywoozy and Winona sat in their wigwam the door-bell rang, and Woshyboshy was announced.

"Hail great chief!" cried Boozywoozy, rising and blowing his nose.

"Woshyboshy salutes you; likewise the Lily of the primeval forest! Got any licker?" Thus spoke the illustrious chief.

"Great person! there's whiskey in the jug! Winona, bring hither the Mountain Dew."

"Father! I fly," said Winona, and in a moment she re-appeared with a comfortably-sized keg ingeniously balanced upon her fair right shoulder.

"Prettiest waiter girl in the city!" said Woshyboshy, placing the keg to his expressive lips.

"Been to the Capital, I understand?" said Boozywoozy.

"I have. I went to introduce my new cannon, which as you are aware, can shoot a double-breasted columbiad into the middle of next week, and snuff a gas-jet at four hundred paces."

"Well!"

"The head of the Ordnance department wrote me briefly thus: 'Haint no time!' and I came away. The Ordnance department is in the hands of young, roystering fellows, who only came in in 1808, and until they get some old, experienced men there, I'm afraid things will go wrong. They want a man who is about two hundred and sixty-seven years of age. A gifted dotard, for instance, who has experience in driveling."

"You have thirty wives, you are a kind husband, a numerous father, and an exemplary citizen. I am surprised that they repulsed you. I am grieved, too. Listen to these tears!" said Boozywoozy, as his sobs rattled upon the wigwam floor.

"I doth, I doth!" cried the chief; "not a solitary sob escapes me—not a sob. By the way," he added, "Lynch ran well for Sheriff in New York, didn't he?"

"Lynch always runs well," said Boozywoozy. "He's used to it."

The savages went out, and hailing an omnibus they drove to the camp.

"Advance and give the countersign and I'll shoot you!" said the sentry.

"The d——l you will!" replied Boozywoozy, starting back. "Here's a sentry for you! You'd better desert and join the Silvertoes. They'd make a Brigadier of you!" Then withering the ignorant subordinate with a frown, Woshyboshy and Boozywoozy walked within the lines. Passing the Guard House they could not avoid overhearing the following song, which was executed in a riotous sort of voice, by an insubordinate private named Smiggy McGural, to the air of "Pretty Katy Ryan, O!"

It was whin grate Gineral Price led his ahrrmy in Missouri,
With his dhrums, an' his bagonets, an' pisti bright an' handy, O
Sez he "Come on, brave followers widh fire an' sword an' fury,
An' we'll lick the greasy Yankees, for its I that am the dandy, O!"

Och, they marched and they countermarched with fifes an' bangin' cymbals,
The soldiers they was bound to whip an' cut us all to pieces, O!
The Gineral was as lively as the game of peas an' thimbles,
Sez he, "We'll rob a bankin' house an' all be as rich as Crœsus, O!"

Thin off they went at double quick, an' nothin stood against 'em;
With cavalry an' cannon, ivery gun in place o limber, O!

Till on a suddent there they saw the Yankee boys fernenst 'em,
In solemn solid columns pourin' through the open timber, O!

Thin the Gineral's ahrmy stopped, for it was more than they expected;
An' it ran about the lines, "O wirra, now we're larruped surely, O!"
An' PRICE sez to an adjutant, in manner quite dejected,
"Here, take my place a little while, I'm feelin' very poorly, O!"

Then back he rode to camp, an' niver drawed his feet from stirrup,
. . . Though he had ridden like the wind o'er swamp and hill and hammock,
O!. . .
Until he'd got a smashin dose of peppermint an' syrup,
For sez he, "I've got an awful pain an' sinkin' in my stummock O!"

Meanwhile, the Yankee boys put in with valor quite undoubted;
They fought till all the field was piled widh heaps of dead an' dyin', O!
The Rebels was repulsed widh loss, an' thin complately routed,
An' them as wasn't took, jist barely saved themselves by flyin', O!

So Gineral PRICE left camp, as the papers all has told yez,
For the line of Arkansaw, where the ground don't lay so level, O!
An' nothin' has been heerd of the Gineral or his soldiers,
Except he still was sick, an' they was runnin' like the devil, O!

(To be Continued.)

THE WAR.

THE war up to six o'clock last evening was still continuing. It is now settled that it is to be continued until this question is settled. There is a warlike aspect to things in general, and, as the *Herald* would say, the conflict of armies is at hand. The war is growing and seems likely to give universal satisfaction, which is all that the Unionists care to get.

The *Tribune* is now prepared to conduct the campaign for two cents a day, and an occasional Bull Run affair. The *Times* seems chiefly occupied with the naval expedition and wants to see it thwarted if possible. The *World* is mainly occupied in repenting of the nation's sins and wickedness, and in polishing off the *London Times*. The *Express* offers a fresh battle in its Evening Edition Every day at four o'clock.

To the army the war seems highly probable, and pickets are advanced constantly in consequence.

In the west the FREMONT difficulty seems likely to succeed, and the aggregate plot thickens.

Foreign affairs are slightly mixed and may become more so.

The gentlemen who the other day remarked in the hearing of another gentleman, "Pooh, pooh! I don't see any war—I don't see any excitement—I don't see any civil strife," is requested to state why he said it. He may not be a fool, but he certainly rooms with an Idiot of distinction. There are more like him. A third gentleman, who is just as reliable as he can stick, says that he knew it would be so from the first. Formerly sugar was raised in the South; now it is raised here—two or three cents a pound. Likewise tobacco.

General MCCLELLAN has given us a hint that the Rebels will soon see the end of their Rope—like the gentleman who was hung, they may thereby receive a sudden and severe check in their infamous career.

"THE BLANKET QUESTION."

Under the above heading, articles have appeared in the daily papers for a week or two past from the statements made in which it appears that the gray blankets imported in such large quantities from England for our army are specimen fabrics composed of "shoddy, waste and low noils," instead of wool.

From this we have been led to draw several inferences with regard to the "blanket question." The gray blanket seems to indicate that there must have been a black sheep connected in the business somehow and a good deal of fleece around, generally; but in that case, why was there nothing but "shoddy, waste and low noils?" On this we feel ourselves impelled to put the blanket question point-blank, to the colored animal, in the words of the old nursery rhyme slightly altered to suit the requirements of the vernacular:

"Baa! baa black sheep, ain't you got no wool?"

The spurious blankets are impeached of dirt. They are said to take up no end of that cheap luxury, and to be extremely retentive of it. This suggests another turn of the "blanket question," and we behold in fancy the dirty article putting it to the "proper authorities" in the significant words—"How are you off for Soap?"

As the word "soap" is sometimes used to express the sinews of war, the above query must be rather cutting to the "proper authorities,' who paid such a miserable price for the adulterated rugs.

There is another phase of the "blanket question," which may be termed the comic side of it. Adjutant General THOMAS, in his famous "journal," records how Assistant Quarter-Master DAVIS took a contract for blankets at the West, and furnished bad ones. Hereupon, the latter officer states that he was *confined to his bed* at St. Louis, when the contract was fulfilled, and was not in a condition to think about blankets.

To this we can only say that, if bed is not a fit place to think about Blankets in, then are the Sheets upon which we have written these remarks no better than waste, or wasted paper.

"INDEPENDENT" INSANITY.

Who's gone mad in the *Independent* office? That's what we want to know! Who has been measured for a strait waistcoat? Who has sent out for straws with which to deck his demented hair? Has our young and rosy friend TILTON become a demnition maniac in consequence of long hair and bucolic hats? Is HENRY WARD BEECHER chained to the wall at No. 5 Beekman street, and does he clank his manacles and sing "Dixie" in the intervals of his editorial labor? If not tell us, O! tell us the name of the idiot who penned this paragraph in your last number, Messrs. Publishers.

"Just as we are going to press, we receive a most important piece of information from a reliable source. It is nothing less than the expressed conviction of Mr. SEWARD that the Government cannot succeed in this war; that the Confederacy will probably be recognized by the European powers; and that Peace will be the result in sixty days. In view of this, Mr. THURLOW WEED has been sent to England, and if he shall find the British Ministry determined to recognize the Confederacy, the Administration here will prepare at once for peace. It was to pave the way for this that the discouraging report of Adjutant-General THOMAS was allowed to be published. We have no space at this late hour to remark on this information, except to say that, if entirely correct (as we are positively assured), it will simply break down the Administration and destroy the country."

It is fortunate, indeed, that the lateness of the hour prevented the *Independent* man from remarking on this extraordinary "information." There would have been no limit to his ravings. The man who is sufficiently out of his mind to credit for a moment such pitiable bosh as this "information," would, surely, in commenting upon it, excel STEPHEN H. BRANCH in his wildest moments.

Imagine him with opportunities to write a column!

We should be told that WILLIAM H. SEWARD, the Patriot-Statesman and good Right-Hand of the Union, was in secret league with JEFF. DAVIS; that he corresponded with BEAUREGARD daily, in cypher, in regard to MCCLELLAN's plans; that, for his services as spy to the confederacy, he was to be rewarded with an Alabama plantation "well stocked with good fat niggers," where HORACE GREELEY should be forced to act as his body servant for the remainder of his natural life, and so on through a column of fantastic drivel.

Luckily, the people won't be troubled any by the *Independent's* madness because the People know that WILLIAM H. SEWARD isn't any such a man.

So go to! thou feeble-minded writer for the *Independent!* Get thee a bottle of Mrs. WINSLOW's "Soothing Syrup," give up journalism and open a thread-needle store in some quiet street in Hoboken.

XUM